WOMEN AND HOME

LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

LADY BEATRICE FRANCIS Elizabeth Butler is not only one of the most beautiful girls in Great Britain, but in the matter of ancestors she can make pretty nearly any boast she likes and back it up with the records in Burke's peerage. Lady Beatrice is just passing out of her teens. She was born on March 26, 1876. Her father is Marquis of Ormonde, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory and Viscount Thurles of Thurles in the County Tipperary. Her mother was Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grovesnor, eldest daughter of the Duke of Westminster. The house of Butler of Ormonde is one of the noblest in Ireland and the oldest in Irish history. The Butlers and Geraldines, rivals in power and equals in

LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

renown, have been at the head of the fine nobility of Ireland ever since the Anglo-Norman invasion. The first of the family to arrive on Irish soil and set up a castle was old Theobald Fitz-Walter in the reign of Henry II. He was chief butler of Ireland, whence the surname. His father was Hervey Walter, who married in 1156. That seems to have been the foundation of the house and the descent has been pretty clear since then. Little Lady Beatrice may, therefore, be truly said to be the daughter of a hundred earls, but she is one that may be admired. She has a very pretty little sister, Constance Mary, who is just 16.

MRS. BRYAN AT HOME IN THE WATER.

Results of Open Air Life.

Women will have to organize a new crusade against wrinkles and the leatherlike, growing-old sort of look of the skin if they persist in following up all the open-air pursuits which belong to man's kingdom. Fresh air in all kinds of weather may be conducive to health, but it is very trying to delicate skins. Women who row and ride bicycles should substitute oatmeal or boiled bread and milk for soap. The dry skin is especially sensitive to the effects of sun and air and needs all the precautions it is possible to find to keep it smooth and white. Potatoes boiled in milk are said to be very effective in whitening and softening the skin, and almond meal should be on every toilet table.

Get Their Shoes Blackened.

The spectacle of a woman availing herself of the services of a bootblack on the streets has become so common as to attract no more attention than that of a woman reading a daily newspaper in a street car or "L" train, says the Chicago Chronicle. It was not so long ago that a woman with a newspaper was considered to be doing something very "mannish," and she was stared at in consequence. Women have dared to

WOMEN HAVE BECOME PATRONS.

brave public inspection by sitting in the chair of the street corner bootblack and reading a paper while the industrious bootblack gives them a "patent leather" or a "russet polish." Women require the cleaning of their shoes as often and with as much reason as men do theirs, and the "ladies' bootblacking parlors" that have been opened in the shopping districts have proved decided successes. It is next to impossible to polish a russet shoe unless the foot is in it, as the friction of the cloths must be violent. It was because of this that the young women mustered up courage to put their dainty feet upon the box.

The Demands of Society.

Society demands that you should look well. Not that you should be a beauty, but that you should, on occasion, put on your best bib and tucker and help up the picture that, all in all, constitutes society. You speak of the social world as selfish; so it is, for it demands from all its votaries absolute unselfishness. You must learn to have no ill-feeling toward anybody. If a chatterbox tells you that Madame Malice has made you the subject of her ridicule you must make yourself smile; go forward and meet Madame Malice with a pleasant word, a courteous bow, and you must entirely forget that she has ever said anything but that which was pleasant. Society ceases to be good when malicious sayings are recognized.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Bryan an Expert Swimmer.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, wife of the Democratic presidential candidate, is up to date in many ways. For one thing she is a firm believer in the wheel, although as yet she is not an expert rider. Being comparatively a novice, she has not yet reached the stage of wearing a short skirt, but freely acknowledges the advantages of such a garment to the fast-riding bicyclienne. She is also a splendid swimmer and rather prides herself on her natatorial ability. She is also proud of her membership in the Sorosis of Lincoln, Neb. It does not belong to the federation of clubs, but is in the Nebraska State Federation. The Lincoln Sorosis has a membership of twenty-five, to which number it is strictly limited. Three or four names are always on the waiting list. No one is admitted who has not some claim to membership through interest in current events or some special excellence in other directions. Mrs. Bryan lays no great stress on her admission to the bar. She regards is as an ordinary matter in view of the large number of women now practicing law. There is no dress reform in her creed, only an idea that sensible attention to the first laws of health should be considered; also that dress should be distinctly feminine, not extravagant, but as becoming as possible and suitable to the occasion She wears evening dress when the event requires it, but not decollete gowns. Evidently superstition doesn't count with her, for on the finger with the gold wedding band she wears a large opal.

Useless Bric-a-Brac.

The folly of excessive accumulation in the way of bric-a-brac, ornaments and the thousand and one trifles scattered through the modern home is never more forcibly impressed than when packing away household goods and gods, previous to the summer exodus. Each article has some association that renders it in a degree precious, and yet half of them disfigure rather than adorn the apartment to which they belong. How much wiser is the mistress of the Japanese home, who, while keeping it exquisitely neat, never cumbers and litters it with cheap or excessive ornamentation. She understands the rest to eye and brain in frequent change of surroundings. Today she hangs up a piece of rare embroidery, and in front of it places a little table, with some one choice vase holding a few carefully arranged flower sprays. Across the corner a screen with richly painted or embroidered panels is set, and everywhere the eye looks upon some object worthy of study and admiration, and so few are they as to admit of genuine enjoyment and appreciation. After a few weeks a complete change is made, one set of art treasures removed and another put in their place. By this method a succession of charming interfors are secured far more educating and refining in influence than the crowded tables, cabinets and mantels found in the American drawing-room.

Announcing the Baby's Birth.

In sending announcement cards or a baby's birth the baby's name is printed in full on a small card which is inclosed with the parents' card. If desired it may be attached to the larger card by a bow of very narrow white satin ribbon, or silver cord. The date of birth is added, but not the weight of the baby, nor any other particulars of any sort whatever.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner, because a large part of the blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion, and leaves the brain poorly supplied.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Pussy Willow.

The brook is brimmed with melted snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His big black wings is sunning.
A close green bud the May flower lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the South Wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper stir;
Come out and show your silver fur;
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging;
And rosy will the May flower lie
Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all.
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year—
Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!

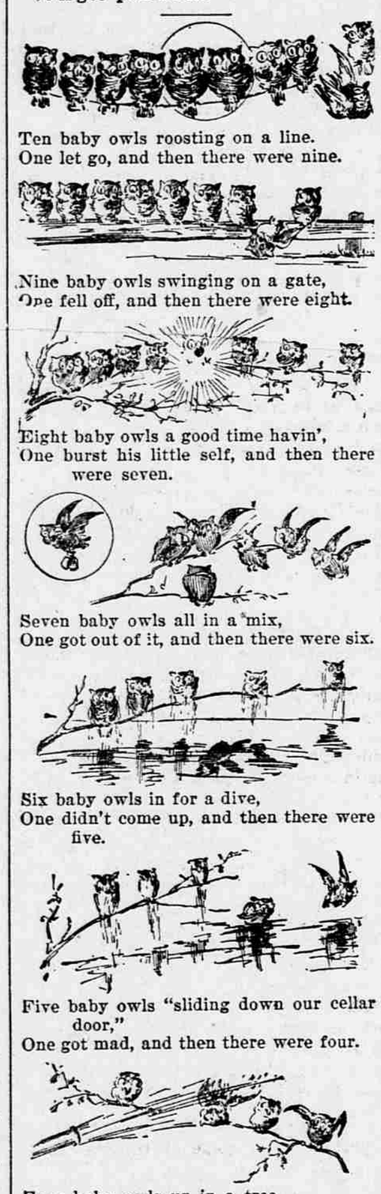
Fun for His Dog.

One day Bobby was eating grapes, and after some boy fashion, swallowing skins, seeds and all.

"Don't do that, Bobby," cried his mother, hastily. "You might get appendicitus."

She told the little boy something of the danger of swallowing seeds, and showed him how to separate the seeds from the pulp, so as to eat only the best part. The lesson made a deep impression on Bobby. A few days later he sat in the garden, watching his little dog eating his dinner. Presently Fido began on a small bone, taking it into his mouth with great appearance of delight. Bobby jumped up in a great fright and pulled the bone away.

"Fido, stop, stop!" he exclaimed. "Yo'll get 'pendicitis!"



Ten baby owls roosting on a line.
One let go, and then there were nine.

Nine baby owls swinging on a gate,
One fell off, and then there were eight.

Eight baby owls a good time havin',
One burst his little self, and then there were seven.

Seven baby owls all in a mix,
One got out of it, and then there were six.

Six baby owls in for a dive,
One didn't come up, and then there were five.

Five baby owls "sliding down our cellar door,"
One got mad, and then there were four.

Four baby owls up in a tree,
Bang! went a big gun, and then there were three.

Three baby owls a-winkin' at you,
One winked too hard, and then there were two.

Two baby owls starting for a run,
One got left behind, and then there was one.

One baby owl crooning all alone,
An old hawk gobbled him up, and then there was none.

Burns' Love for His Wife.

"Burns has been hotly assailed," writes Arthur Warren in presenting "The Other Side of Robert Burns" in the Ladies' Home Journal, "because of his alleged indifference to his wife (Jean Armour), but the fact is he was ardently fond of her. Jean was true to him, and his true affection never really turned from her. Jean worshipped him—literally worshiped him. And when we study her devoted life we must agree that there must have been much that was admirable in the character of a man who was adored by so true a woman. Burns' biographers have paid too scanty attention to all this. There is no use in apologizing for the defects of Bobbie's life, but there is such a thing as insisting too heavily upon them. * * * Too much has been made in the thousand stories of Burns' life of the 'Highland Mary' episode, and too little of what he really felt for Jean Armour, and of Jean's intense loyalty to him and devoted care of him. The real facts about Highland Mary will never be known. They comprise the one episode of Burns' life which is veiled in mystery. But one can study the poet's life closely enough to see that the persecution which in the early days seemed to hopelessly separate him from love drove him to Highland Mary for solace, and that Mary's sudden death idealized that Highland lassie in his memory. There was not much more to it, and Jean never troubled herself about it. There has been a sad waste of popular sympathy over Highland Mary. It is to loyal Jean our thoughts should turn. Burns' love for her and for his children was very great. That is a pleasing picture of him handed down by one who saw him 'sitting in the summer evening at his door with his little daughter in his arms, dangling her, and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties.' The little girl died in the autumn of 1795, when her father's health was failing."

COLOR LINE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It Is as Strongly Drawn There as in Any Part of America.

It rarely, if ever, happens that a native, whatever his rank, is received on any social occasion inside a white house; indeed, he would seldom be permitted, except as a domestic servant, to enter a private house at all. When Khama, the famous chief of the Ba-Mangwato, a Christian, and a man of admittedly high character, who has ruled his people with singular wisdom and ability, was in England last autumn, and was there entertained at lunch by the Duke of Westminster and other persons of social eminence, the news excited general annoyance and disgust among the whites in South Africa. A story was told me of a garden party given by the wife of a leading white ecclesiastic, the appearance at which of a native clergyman led many of the white guests to withdraw in dudgeon.

Once, when I was a guest at a mission station in Basutoland, I was asked by my host whether I had any objection to his bringing in to the family meal the native pastor, who had been preaching to the native congregation. When I expressed some surprise that he should think it necessary to ask, he explained that race feeling was so strong among the colonists that it would have been deemed improper and, indeed, insulting to make a white guest sit down at the same table with a black man, unless special permission had first been given. Thus one may say that there is no social intercourse whatever between the races; their relations are purely those of business. Now and then the black man gets ahead of the white, but the latter's pride of race remains. I was told of a white who condescended to be hired to work by a Kafir, but stipulated that the Kafir should address him as "Boss."

Of intermarriage there is, of course, no question. It is not forbidden by law in the two British colonies, as it is in most, if not all, of the Southern States of America, but it is excessively rare; nor does it appear that there are now other irregular unions outside marriage, as there constantly were in the old days while slavery existed. In this respect the case of South Africa remarkably resembles that of the Southern States, where also there is now very little mixture of blood, though there was a great deal fifty years ago. Probably in both cases it is better that the races should not mingle their blood; for the white race would be likely to lose more than the black race would gain.—Century.

Lost Sword Returned.

Reno Post, No. 6, G. A. R., was visited by the National Staff Association the other night in Armory Hall, at East Greenwich, Conn. The regular meeting was held with closed doors, after which an open meeting was held, with a collation for guests. Speeches were called for by Post Commander Samuel F. Crompeon, and Dr. C. O. Ballou responded for the visitors to the post. The final address was delivered by Junior Vice Commander S. W. K. Allen. Mr. Allen touched upon the subject of war relics. One had come into his hands—a sword, whose scabbard showed hard knocks. It was recently forwarded to the commander by a relic collector of Washington, D. C. It was picked up on the field of Bull Run, and when the rust was removed from the blade the name of Lieutenant Stephen P. Arnold, Second Regiment, Rhode Island Infantry, was found inscribed. Colonel Arnold was present, but knew nothing of the recovery of his long-lost sword until it was laid in his hands by the speaker.

Torments Elephants to Death.

There exists a small reptile of which elephants have a very peculiar dread, and against which neither their sagacity nor prowess can defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant and pursues its course until it finally fixes in its head, and by keeping him in constant agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death.

He Got It.

Dick—You know that feller workin' in shaft 17 who was always kickin for a raise?

Mick—Yes.

Dick—Well, he kicked over a can of dynamite to-day and got it.—Up-to-Date.

A man pursues bad luck oftener than bad luck pursues a man.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle—Thrilling Incidents.

Matches in War Times.

The late war caused the Southern people to realize the utter helplessness of a purely agricultural community when thrown upon its own resources and cut off from communication with the outside world.

As the months rolled on it became more difficult for the inhabitants of the Confederacy to supply themselves with many of the necessaries and conveniences of every day life. Matches, for instance, were used by millions of people, but it was impossible to run them through the blockade in sufficient quantities. It soon became evident that they must be manufactured at home, but how was it to be done? The machinery was lacking, and also the materials.

James McPherson, a public-spirited book seller in Atlanta, was one of the first to attempt to solve the problem. At considerable expense he succeeded in getting some machinery, phosphorus and sulphur through the blockade, and in a short time his match factory was in operation.

The factory was situated a few miles from the city, and the matches were stored in McPherson's book store and sold there by wholesale and retail. They were made of poplar and sold in square blocks, the factory not being provided with a machine that would separate the matches.

Inexperienced workmen found it a hard matter to turn out matches that would light. At first about the only way to make them available was to bring them in contact with the dying embers in a fireplace, but this was inconvenient, and efforts were made to improve their quality. Finally, the composition was changed, and the matches blazed up at the lightest touch.

It was not necessary to strike them. They were self-acting, and unexpectedly broke out at odd hours of the day and night. The clerks in the book store had double work in those exciting days. When they were selling books they had to watch the big boxes containing the matches, and roll them out into the street the moment they began to smoke. Once in the street, the boxes would be emptied and the contents left until they were reduced to ashes.

There was not much profit in an article containing the elements of self-destruction, and a night watchman had to be employed to remain in the store and drag out the boxes as soon as they showed indications of spontaneous combustion. But the factory was an Atlanta enterprise, and the people were proud of it. At least, it was a beginning. It was a sign of promise, and showed that in spite of the blockade there were enterprising men in the South who had the pluck and energy to risk their fortunes and go to work to build up the industries of the country.

It was not long before the discovery was made that the composition used for the matches was a first-class rat poison. Here was a new source of revenue for the manufacturer. The stuff was put up in little tin boxes and advertised as a rat exterminator. If McPherson could not boast of the superior quality of his matches, he could at least feel proud of his rat poison. The compound sold rapidly, for the supplies of grain stored in the city by the Confederates caused the place to swarm with fierce rodents of the largest size.

But there was one difficulty in the way, and an unfortunate incident soon destroyed the popularity of the poison, and there was a sudden falling off in the demand for it. At that time there was a hat store nearly opposite the book store. Holbrook, the owner, had no end of trouble with rats, and one day in his wrath he determined to make a clean sweep of them. Purchasing several boxes of the exterminator, he laid some big slices of stale bread on his counter and covered them with the poison. He spread the mixture on the bread with a case knife and rubbed it in vigorously.

The merchant was a fine-looking man, with a big blonde beard reaching nearly to his waist. Just as he was giving about a quarter of a pound of the stuff one of his most energetic rubs on a hard slice of bread it suddenly blazed up like gunpowder. The flames set fire to Holbrook's handsome whiskers, and when his clerks had thrown a bucket of water over him the astonished and frightened hatter would hardly have been recognized by his best friend. Seizing the half consumed piece of bread he rushed across the street to the book store.

"Where's McPherson?" the singed and blackened visitor shouted.

"Out at the factory," replied a clerk. "What is the matter, Mr. Holbrook?"

"Matter enough!" yelled the other. "See what this infernal rat poison has done! It has almost killed me, ruined my whiskers, and it came near burning down my store. Tell McPherson that I want to see him right away. I would rather fight a million rats than fool with this blasted old poison!"

And the angry man darted back to his store without giving any further details of his misadventure. A visit to his barber, however, made him more presentable, and he was soon in a better humor.

"I'll be dashed if I know what to do," said McPherson. "We must have rat poison, you know, and matches. People should be more careful. If they will stand around and have plenty of water handy when they use my goods they will get along all right."

A newspaper man suggested that it would be a good idea to store a lot of the matches in some place where they would be captured by the Federals.

"They might blaze up some night and destroy their supplies," he said, "or they might be shipped to some of the Northern cities."

"No," replied a Confederate officer, with a sly glance at the bystander, "that would be barbarous. We must all bear our crosses, and we must put up with our home-made matches and rat poison until we can do better."

Then everybody laughed and the clerks proceeded to drag into the street a large box from which a white smoke was just beginning to issue.

Sherman's cavalry destroyed the factory just before the siege of Atlanta, and thus perished a great Confederate industry.—Wallace Putnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Lived on Crackers and Water.

The first conspicuous victim of the civil war, Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, was killed at Alexandria May 24, 1861. Having occupied the town without resistance, and seeing a Confederate flag floating from the summit of the Marshall House, he ran into the hotel, went upstairs to the roof, and tore down the flag. On his way down he was met by the hotel-keeper and shot dead. His assassin perished at the same moment, killed with a bayonet thrust by Frank E. Brownell. Ellsworth's friend, John Hay, gives in McClure's Magazine such personal reminiscences of the young hero—he was but twenty-four—as may show his simple, kindly heart, and the struggles he went through to gain a legal education.

Poverty drove the boy early out into the world to make a living. He drifted to Chicago, where he entered a law-office, and lived on a pittance earned by copying papers. His food and drink for months were dry biscuits and water; his bed was the hard floor of the office. He would not accept even an apple from any one because he could not return the courtesy.

Going on an errand into an eating-house, he met a friend and several companions, who insisted on his having an oyster stew. He refused; his friend pressed; the waiter brought on the oysters for the party, and Ellsworth sat down. The stew was the first morsel of food he had tasted for three days and three nights. Subsequently he had money; he went to his friend and told him that he, Ellsworth, owed him half a dollar. The man said no, but Ellsworth insisted that his memory was better than his friends, and made him take the money—the price of the oysters.

In a diary which Ellsworth kept for a little while are such entries as these: "Have written four hours this evening; two pounds of crackers; sleep on office floor to-night." "Read one hundred and fifty pages of Blackstone—slept on floor." "I have contracted a cold by sleeping on the floor. Then there is the gnawing sensation which prevents my long-continued application." "I spent my last ten cents for crackers to-day." "Nothing whatever to eat. I am very tired and hungry to-night. Onward."

At the first gun—that fired on Sumter—Ellsworth raised with incredible celerity the New York Zouaves, a regiment eleven hundred strong, and brought it to Washington. His friends, knowing his military talents, thought that his first battle would make him a brigadier-general, and that the second would give him a division. President Lincoln thought so highly of him that he called him to Washington to place him in charge of a bureau of militia. But "Man proposes, God disposes."

Grant's Gratitude.

General Grant's kindness of heart and deep sense of obligation are seen in a pleasing light in a story told by the St. Louis Republic. While the General was President he visited St. Louis, and Mr. Garrison, President of a railroad, took him out for a drive. On the way they met a shabby old man, in his shirt-sleeves.

Grant recognized the man, and stopped the buggy. He got out, extended his hand and said:

"Hello, Uncle Ben! How are you and your wife getting along?"

The old man greeted the President and said that they were getting along very well; they were happy if they had enough to eat, and if he could get a little tobacco for his pipe.

"Uncle Ben, wouldn't you like to be postmaster of Meramec township?" asked the President.

Uncle Ben said he would not object, and Grant shook him by the hand and said: "God bless you and your wife, Uncle Ben. I think of you often."

When Grant got back in the buggy he was much moved, and said to Mr. Garrison: "Poor old Uncle Ben! He has a big heart. I remember when I and my wife, living in that house over there, did not have any more to eat than we needed, and Uncle Ben would come around to the house at night, and leave a basket of provisions on the doorstep. He was afraid to come and give them to us, thinking that he might possibly hurt our feelings. God bless his memory!"

The President did not forget his promise. Uncle Ben was soon made postmaster. The payment of personal debts by means of public office is not to be defended, but the public conscience was not then aroused as it is now.

Cold Harbor.

Senator Reagan, of Texas, who was present at the battle of Cold Harbor, says that if Grant had succeeded in breaking Lee's lines the Confederate commander had not a regiment of reserves to put into the fight. Grant incurred heavy losses at Cold Harbor, but it seems that he tried to end the war on that field.